

MARVEL  
3rd JUNE 89

# THE REAL

NO 51 40p  
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# GH~~O~~ STBUSTERS™

WHOOAARGH!  
LET'S PARTY!





Oooaaarrggghhh!!! Yes, folks, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** are back in business. This week, your heroes are called out to a not so desirable residence in **Ghost House!** a chilling tale which will *shake you to the very foundations!* Home, Sweet Home, eh? Who ever said that a *man's home is his castle?* It certainly isn't the time and the place to put your slippers on and relax when there's a food fiend on the loose, which is exactly what happens in **Winston's Diary!** when there's a *party animal* at large in the kitchen! What's more it isn't even safe outside, for there's a monster on the prowl in Central Park in **Culture Shocker!** Can our lovable rogues combat the ghostly forces at hand? Well, Ray thinks he can, because he's got a new invention ... but that would be telling, wouldn't it!

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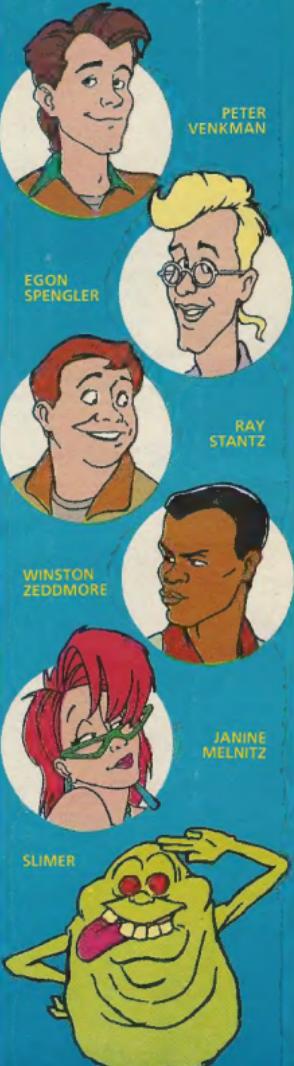
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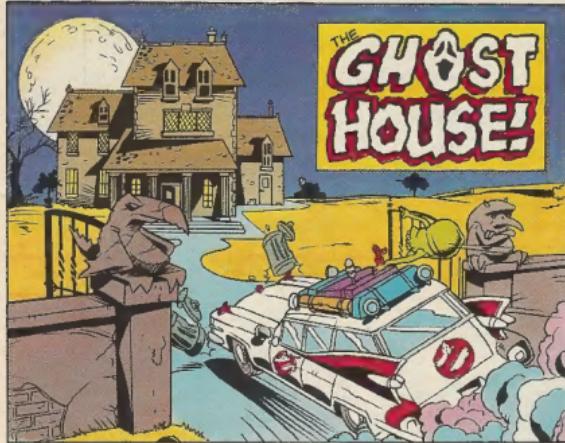
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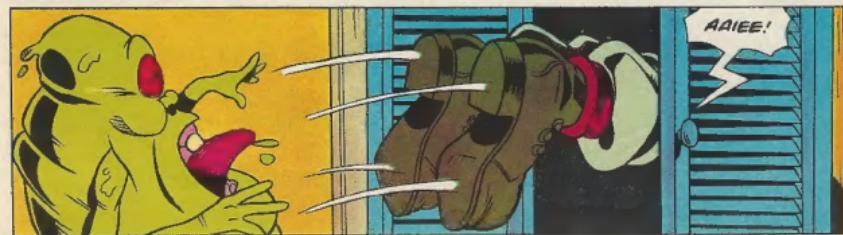
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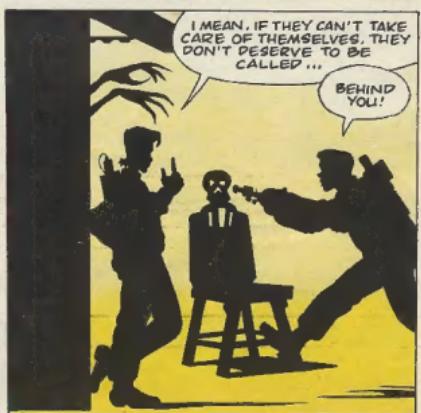
# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™









OKAY, EVERYBODY, AIM WHERE THE LIGHT IS  
BRIGHTEST! THAT IS WHERE THE ECTO-  
PLASMIC FORCE IS BRIGHTEST!



KAH-THODM!

MY HOUSE! WHAT HAVE  
DONE TO MY HOUSE?

I'D SAY YOU'VE BEEN A  
VICTIM OF THE PROPERTY  
BOOM, MISTER!

EXACTLY HOW DID YOU  
BUY THIS HOUSE, SIR?

I BOUGHT IT FROM AN ESTATE AGENT CALLED  
THE LITTLE HOUSE SHOPPE IN DEANSTONE.

YOU SAVED OUR  
SKINS, RAY. THANKS  
A LOT, PAL.

YEAH, YOU BROUGHT  
THE HOUSE DOWN.

AWW, SHUCKS!



\* ISSUE FIVE.





IT'S  
ON SALE NOW!

# WICKED!

# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

Lolly Pebblecomb, of Aard-varkshire, Scotland, runs the world's first Ecto-Kennels for rich people who have made small household ghosts into pets and then want to go on holiday, but don't want to leave their beloved pet ghosts to pine away in their absence. Lolly wrote to me last week to thank me for what she described as the 'excellent coverage of numerous Ecto-Breeds' that I had provided in the Guide over the years. She went on '... many customers insist on consulting their Spengler's before purchasing a pet, as they find you can often give a useful pointer to some of the more difficult habits of "touchy" pedigrees. Top breeders recommend you ...' Well, I'm flattered, Lolly. Anyway, Lolly was also writing to berate me on the matter of an omission which I have made in the Guide, and I find I have to agree with her. In fifty installments, I have yet to include that most obvious of spooks, the Class Five Full-roaming Vapour, which she calls '... one of the most obedient and loyal of all the full-roaming breeds, and a sheer delight to rear, groom and show competitively ...' You of course know the C5/F-RV (as we experts abbreviate it) as... *Slimers/SLIMERS*

Despite living in close proximity to a C5/F-RV for some time now, I find I can tell



## GUIDE

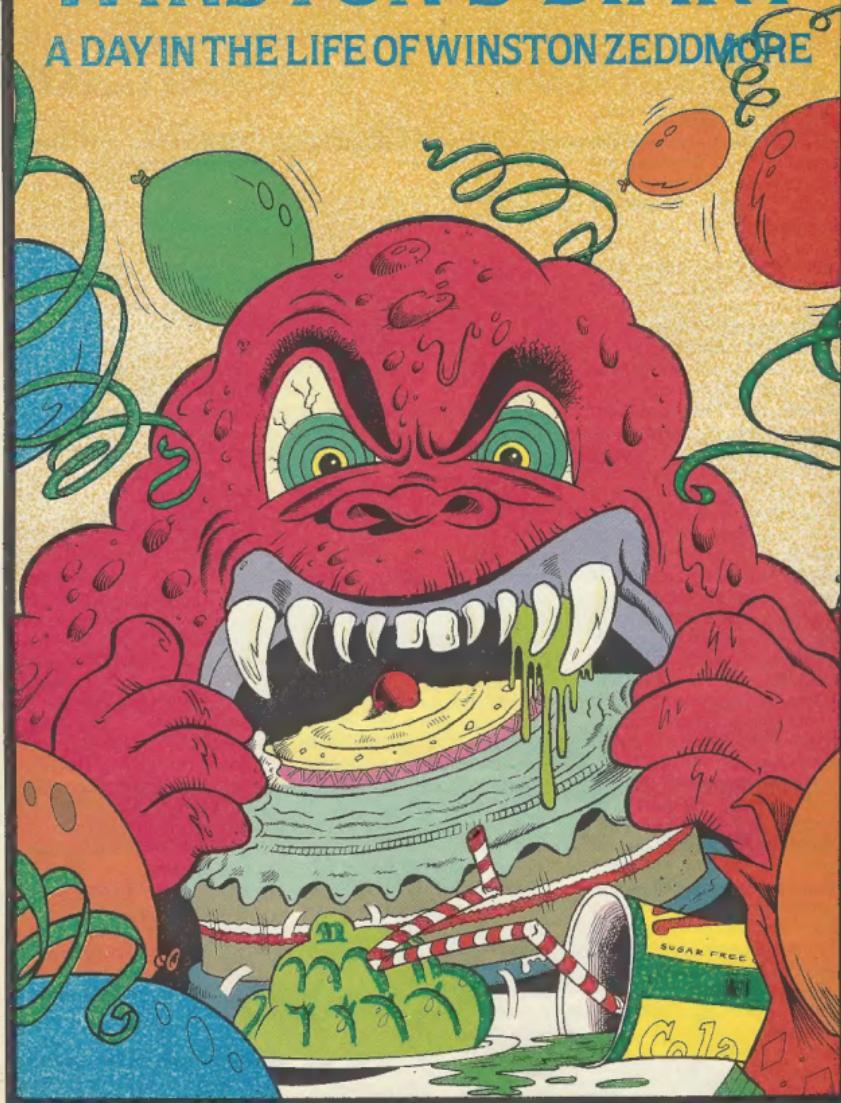
## PART 51

you very little about it. Slimer does indeed display considerable loyalty, particularly to those who are likely to feed him, such as Ray or Winston. In fact, one can almost see him as man's best friend, except that the man in question, Peter, would rather gargle with wet cement than have anything to do with him. Three characteristics are particularly dominant in the Class Five Slimer. Firstly, they have an unusual breed language that is about as coherent as an ostrich trying to sing 'Like a Prayer' with a mouthful of bicycle pedals. A few people, Winston and Janine for example, seem to be able to speak 'spook' with relative ease. For the rest of us, the call of the Slimer is just a mass of discordant, tuneless wail-

ing. It is interesting to note that, for this very reason, many people believe certain pop stars to be C5/F-RV's wearing lots of make-up. The second characteristic is the slime, from which their knick-name derives. The ectoplasm deposited by a C5/F-RV is about five parts snot to three parts superglue. Guide 3 tells you about ectoplasm in general, but this is about the worst. Slimers also eat like it's going out of fashion. I asked Lolly about it. She replied '...of course that can be a trial. I know from my own experience; I have a darling little pinkish C5/F-RV called Gloria. She floats to heel, she squats on command. She's even learnt to play dead. In fact she does that most of the time. But food is the real crux. She must be fed, and as often as possible. And that was becoming a problem ...' I'm glad to report that Lolly has found a way round it by launching her own brand of specialist Spook-food onto the market. Lolly says the recipe is a secret, but basically it's all the goodness of real meat and bone-marrow in big, healthy chunks, with some extra chilli peppers and chopped apple thrown in for good measure. And apparently nine out of ten C5/F-RV owners say their spooks prefer it. For the other one in the ten out there: doesn't your Slimer deserve it?

# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and NICK ABADZIS

*Friday, May the 20th, 1989*

In the end, I suppose it was me that made the mistake and not Egon. He was so anxious to get out on the bust and I was so sure it wasn't a good one for him to be on . . . well, I suppose what happened only shows I should really stop thinking a bust is going to be normal in any way. That way I'll get through one unscathed! There I was, telling Egon he should stay behind, explaining that busting ghosts at an all-night party wasn't his sort of bust at all. "Unusual psychic emanations," he replied, pushing me into ECTO-1. "It's Slimer, I tell you," I replied, "Which other ghost do we know that causes havoc at parties. Which other ghost raids the icebox and covers guests with slime. I can handle this!"

But Egon insisted he came along, so we sped off to the bust. The party was in a large, rambling house, covered with ivy and all sorts of creepers. Motorbikes lined the street in front of the house, and the noise coming from every room in the house was deafening — music, singing, shouting, jeering. "I'm registering at least Class seven infiltration, with possible multi-dimensional undertones," said Egon, checking his PKE Meter. "You mean this ghost is weirder than usual," I replied, checking mine. "Great. Are you sure you want to be in on this one, Egon? Not only do we have a weird ghost, but the people at the party sounded pretty strange as well."

Egon gave me one of his strange looks. "Are you perhaps suggesting that my persona might cause some disaffection amongst the clients?"

"No — I just think you won't get on with them." At this point a body crashed through a downstairs window. I groaned. It had to be a Hell's Angels party, or worse. Slimer would be the death of us this time.

The body got up, brushed himself down and strolled over to ECTO-1. "Oh I say," said the man, who was dressed in a three piece suit and motorbike boots. "Are you the Ghost-buster chaps?" We nodded. "That blasted spook fellow is causing no end of trouble," he said, pointing at the kitchen window where, through the blind, the silhouette of a huge shape seemed to be raising an equally huge icebox off the floor and shaking it violently. "Get rid of him soon, chaps, would you?" The man hobbled off, rubbing his back. "Last time I come on a Darby and Joan Club outing," he moaned.



We burst into the kitchen, Proton Guns at the ready, surprising three very distressed looking old ladies wearing motorbike helmets who seemed about to leave. Four children were screaming that the monster had stolen all their ice cream, but there wasn't a monster in sight. The freezer, not the ice box, had been thrown through a wall into what looked like a lounge, packed with a mixture of well dressed folk who seemed not to have noticed. They did seem rather annoyed at the noise coming from another room, above them. Strange thumping, and the sounds of someone running a record needle across a record of Mantovani's Greatest Hits wafted down the stairs. "Call this a party?" came a loud, slobbering sort of voice. "Where's the chicks? Where's the decent music? Where's the fruit punch?" I checked my PKE Meter again. No, it wasn't one of Peter's friends. Definitely a Class seven free-roaming phantom. Suddenly the voice came from behind us. "Multi-dimensional," murmured Egon. "It teleported."

"Ruuuuuuuagh!" Just as we turned to face the six foot red and demonic ghost, it blasted us with one of the fiercest, smelliest Ectoslime blasts I've ever been victim of. I was the victim, too; Egon managed to dodge the blast somehow leaving me stuck in an unfortunate messy heap on the floor, my Proton Gun stuck with me. "How dare you have a party in my house and not invite me?" it screamed, thumping Egon out of its way and heading for the lounge. "Wanna

dance?" it said to the prettiest young lady in the room. "I-I've got a dancing partner – th-thank you," gasped the girl.

"Aaaaah, pleezeyuself!" said the monster, disappearing once more, leaving a pool of Ectoslime where it had stood. Upstairs we heard another record go on, then some screams as Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was broken into a thousand pieces, and the bits thrown through the window.

"The ghost seems to live in this house," said one young lady, helping me up, but carefully so as not to get slime on her dress. She looked up again as thumping now came from a bedroom. "Call this a bedroom!" came a shout. "What are all these coats doing here. Where's my coat?" Someone's stolen my coat! Raaagh!" The young lady explained that the house had been owned by a kind of biker group before she'd bought it and things started to make sense. Amongst the bunch of bikers she started to describe, the spook wouldn't have looked out of place. It was just unfortunate that the girl, Emma, just happened to have a lot of biking friends who'd woken the ghost up when they arrived earlier.



By this time the ghost had started to turn all the taps in the house on full blast and it had left them running, shouting loudly that it deserved to win a party game. It never won party games, even on birthdays.

"We've got to bust this spook, fast!" I said.  
"I concur," replied Egon, rubbing his chin.  
"But a bust is going to be difficult with all these people around, and the ghost will

probably vanish if they leave because it will think the party is over."

"I'm not having that ghost turning up at every party I throw," said Emma. "Will you please get rid of it?"

"We need a diversion," I mused. "Something to get it on its own . . ." Suddenly, it hit me. Squelching loudly, I ran to ECTO-1 and opened up the back. Sure enough, there were a couple of cans of drink hidden in one of the compartments where one of Slimer's greedy friends wouldn't find 'em if they were in a fridge raid sort of mood at Ghostbusters HQ. Admiring Peter for his planning, I grabbed one and rushed back to the house. Then I ordered everyone out of the kitchen, which isn't an easy thing to persuade people to do at parties. "Quiet everyone!" said Egon, arming his Proton Gun and setting a trap.

There was silence upstairs too, as the ghost paused in its rampage at the sudden silence. "It can't be over already," it snarled, poking its head down the stairs and looking at me. "Not quite," I replied, "Look . . ." I held up the can of drink and opened it with a flourish. Before you could say Free Roaming Phantom, the ghost had grabbed the can out of my hand and was guzzling furiously. "That's betteraaaaaaaagh!" The aaaaaaaaaagh bit was intentional – that was just what it said when Egon caught the pest in his Proton Beam and it vanished into the trap.

"Thank goodness," said Emma.

"Quite," said Egon.

"Would you like to stay for the rest of the party?" asked the girl. "We've still got plenty of classical records to play, there's some quiche on order from the local store . . ."

"No thanks," I replied, grabbing and forcing an enthusiastic Egon out of the front door. "I don't think this is our scene . . ." The ghost gave a groan from the trap. "Ragh. Just what I was saying, you dopes!"



# SEWER SPOOK

**Help! There's something down in the sewer! Yes! There certainly was, as well. In this case it was a rather big, ugly and green, smelly monster with large pointy teeth and a temper to match. Not only did it have all these characteristics to discredit it, but it had also made its home in a particularly grotty sewer – not the nicest of places in which to make your home!**

**The grisly ghostie made its appearance in the vicinity of the drainage system due to**

**something of a misdemeanour on the part of a particular Ghostbuster who was silly enough to wash out a Ghost Trap down the sink. Not a very sensible thing to do, really. But there you go. One small slip and you can end up with something you would rather not have in the pipeline!**



# HOST WRITING!



Hello there, my little supernatural siblings! I shall now attempt to answer your searching questions without the aid of a safety-net! Here goes . . .

**Dear Peter . . .**

I think your comic is cool (and you are too, of course!) Please could you answer these questions:

1. What is it like being in Slimer's ectoplasmic body?
2. What makes most ghosts evil, and what did Gozer want to destroy the world for?
3. How does the Containment unit work? Why don't the ghosts slime their way out of it (like Slimer and your fridge?).

—Robert Whitehurst,  
Rotherham

*Thanks for your letter, Robert.*  
*1. Well, I don't know about actually being 'in' Slimer's ectoplasmic body. I know what it's like being covered in ectoplasmic residue from His Royal Sliminess, however! I can*

*tell you, from the heart, it's horrible! 2. The ghosts which are evil and therefore the ghosts which present a problem to us are generally the product of their experiences as live beings. Those individuals who had a hard time during their lives tend to become all twisted and warped when they enter the spirit world and feel that they have to have their revenge on the human race. 3. The Containment Unit keeps the ghosts inside with an ion grid. This makes it impossible for the ghosts to escape.*

Please could you answer my questions for me?

1. Who is Winston's aunt?
2. Why is Janine never upset?
3. Would you let Slimer have a pet werewolf?

—Gregory Rawlings.  
Middleton

*Thankyou for some truly bizarre and groovy questions!*

*1. Winston's aunt Beatrice was exactly that . . . Winston's aunt Beatrice. What more can you say? 2. Janine is a very calm, collected and level-headed lady. She's real laid-back when it comes to difficult situations. She has been known to get upset, however, when Egon doesn't take any notice of her! 3. A pet werewolf? Are you kidding? Not only would there be complete chaos at HQ (instead of minor chaos), but I don't think Slimer could be trusted to care for a pet properly, particularly when it's a werewolf! Could you house-train a beast like this and what's more could you trust Slimer to feed it rather than eating its food first?*

I have some questions that I would like to ask you:

1. On which floor is Slimer's bedroom?
2. Is Janine's apartment in the Ghostbusters' HQ?
3. What is Slimer's IQ?

—Richard Craddock, West Bromwich

*1. Slimer has his own room on the third floor, where all the bedrooms are in HQ. I bet you thought I was going to say something about wishing that he was situated somewhere in the loft, didn't you? But, no, I wouldn't even dream of saying such a thing!*

*2. No, Janine has an apartment elsewhere.*

*3. That's a very interesting question. As of yet, we haven't tested Slimer's IQ, mainly because it's difficult to test something which doesn't have total command over the English language!*

I've been wanting to know for ages how Louis Tully is. Is he still his usual bumbling, health-conscious self? By the way congratulations on your diet . . . it worked! In the film you were cute and cuddly (like Ray) but now you're cute, good-looking and incredibly cool . . . what more can I say? P.S. What are you doing tomorrow night?

—Carol Firth, Birmingham

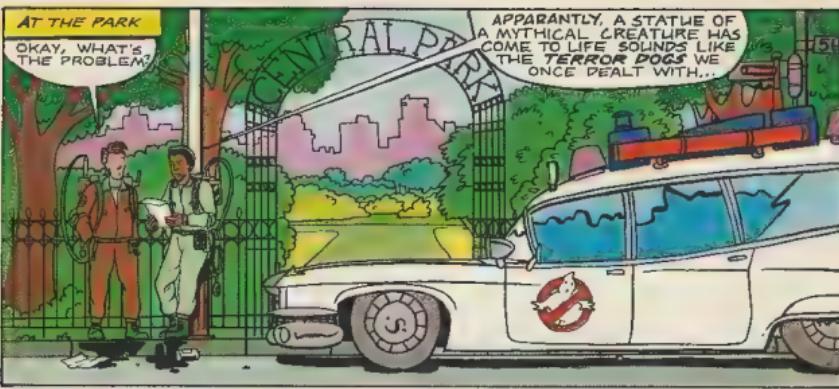
*Awwwww, shucks, Carol! You sure know how to make a man go weak at the knees! I've gone all shy now.*

*Hrrmm . . . Louis Tully. Well, I haven't seen him lately, but I shouldn't think he's changed much.*

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



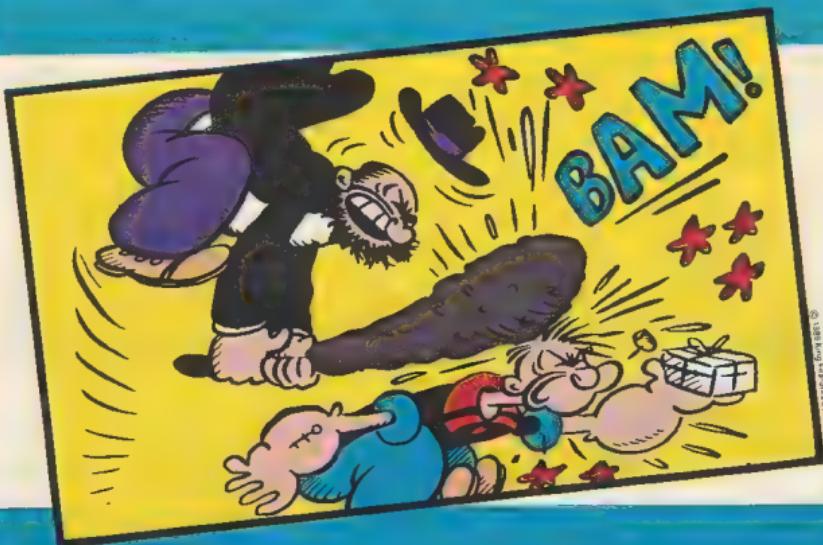








SOMETHING LIKE  
THIS HAPPENS  
EVERY MONTH!



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**ROPEYE**

THE SAILOR

MARVEL®

ARPIARPI

# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



hey do say that 'home is where the heart is' and this would seemingly be true in the case of an old man who lived in a wood-framed house in Rochester, New Hampshire.

Some time after the old man had died the house was occupied by a young family known as Smith, who began renovating the old place. Everything was fine until Mr. Smith ripped the old cast-iron bathtub out and placed it in another room. From this moment on it was as if the very Gates of Hell had been opened for them!

Smith said of the disturbances: "I heard footsteps on the stairs and shuffling in the hallway. There was a pounding on the walls and the doors slammed shut by themselves."

The following night,

the nightmare centred on Smith's two daughters. One of the girls, who was pushed and shoved by the apparition, described him as being, "a big, grey-haired man, wearing a full-length robe. He just stood in the bathroom doorway and then vanished."

The younger daughter was to witness the same spectral form a few nights later, when she ran screaming into her parents' room: "Go away, go away! Tell the man to go away!"

The girls had nightmares beyond their wildest dreams! Every waking hour was a horror to be survived!

Desperate for help and at their wits end, the family turned to Norman Gauthier, a ghost hunter and President of New Hampshire's Society for Psychic Research, along with a priest and medium. When they in-

vestigated the house they all agreed that there was a ghost present in this house and that the psychic forces were centred around the area of the bathroom. It was here that the medium made contact with the spirit.

He said, "I could see him fully undressed in the tub. He was depressed and lonely. I felt that he died suddenly from natural causes. The old man wanted to know why the Smiths were living in his house and why his bathtub had been removed."

The medium spoke to the spirit and asked him to accept the fact that he was dead. He then turned to the Smiths and said, "You won't have any more trouble. The old man has just left. He walked through the door."



BLIMEY!  
IT'S...

# SLIMER!



# IT'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE!



## THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

**TRANSFORMERS 220** In this week's exciting issue you can read the final part of *Recipe For Disaster*, in which Dreadwind and Darkwing fall foul of the Meccanibals. **PLUS** Part Two of *Survivors*, by Furman and Reed, with the Wreckers and Skids fighting a horde of living nightmares in a nuclear power plant. There's also a brand new Action Force adventure – *Divergent Paths* is by Hama, Wagner and McCleod.

**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 51** Egon and Winston confront the monster that's always in the kitchen at parties, in a story by John Freeman. There's also a haunted house with a difference in *Ghost House*, by Watson, Williams and Harwood. Lastly, but not leastly, it's Ray's turn to invent a new gadget, with disastrous consequences, in *Culture Shock*, by Rimmer, Elliott and Elliott.

**DEATH'S HEAD 7** Death's Head and Spratt are up against the human chameleon Photofit in this month's fast-moving story.

**Shot By Both Sides** is by Hitch, Furman and Anderson. Our hero is himself being pursued by two gangland hitmen, Bigshot and Short-fuse. Who will get who first?

**THUNDERCATS 97** In this month's fabulous issue you can read Part Two of *Friends in Need*, by Abnett, Wetherell and Williamson, and Part Three of the classic strip story, *Worlds in Chaos*. **PLUS** This month's exciting text story *Cheetara and The Swarm Monster*, and if you don't have a map of Third Earth, start collecting now with Part One!

## DON'T MISS...

**ACTION FORCE 13** Destro is being held prisoner in Action Force's London base and so long as he remains there, the city must face the wrath of Cobra! *The Prisoner* is by Alan and Smith.

## ON SALE NOW!

A GRAPHIC NOVEL

# WILLIAM TEIL



Coming very soon from MARVEL!